231 /568/ It is not only the excitable animosity of Fuegian dogs
177 that exceedingly provokes every European, but even more their mania for destruction and their voraciousness. They enter all buildings craftily and unobserved, plunder storage houses, and rummage through every corner. They enjoy attacking herds of sheep and goats. In order finally to get rid of these burdensome creatures, the White settlers poisoned and shot some and took others alive from the Indians in exchange for European breeds. Since all these bred unselectively among each other, the strangest mixtures resulted. With the decrease in the Indian population, however, they, too, are constantly decreasing and will disappear entirely along with the last Yamana.

F. Treatment of Foodstuffs

261 The little corner of earth that was destined as the home of the Yamana is poor in natural products. This in itself is responsible for many limitations in their means of livelihood. The natives have no choice but to be content with the little that harsh and parsimonious nature has provided for them. Unassuming as they are, they yield to the external pressure that has disciplined them to an amazing state of contentment and humility. Their attitude, however, is far from being one of dull insensibility. Our Indians have by no means lost all freedom of choice and will never, like a badly trained animal, fill their hungry stomachs indiscriminately with anything and everything that is at hand.

The Yamana is more favorably situated than the Selk'nam, because the sea offers more lavish gifts than the interior. Hence he differentiates more than the Selk'nam and shows himself more particular in his choice. He has his own guides and principles that lead him in his selection of food. They are primarily determined
• [272 by taste, but not entirely, for the Fuegians consistently refuse
177] milk, for example, which they could easily obtain from White settlers, and they have adopted other items of European food only after a long period of resistance. In times of distressing hunger they also take things out of necessity which they would decidedly scorn in ordinary life.

/912 cont./

eat, the adults try to make almost no sound. Meanwhile the candidates, well covered with pieces of leather, are sent to the area near the secondary entrance, for they are not supposed to realize that the other people are eating. Before the cover is removed from the faces of the ulwala, all the food remains which could arouse suspicion are removed. Meanwhile the ulwala are told: "Every glutton or lazy person falls as prey to Yetájta and is devoured by him!" Thus we see that this opportunity, too, is used to increase the candidates' fear and terror of Yetájta.

If, in the course of the day, the adults wish to take a few extra bites, they hang something over the faces of the ulwala or cover their faces entirely with a piece of leather. Some person while eating will throw a piece of meat into the fire and say in an audible voice: "This is for Yetájta!" This, too, is supposed to encourage the candidates' false belief in this spirit.

The actual meal is soon disposed of, for scarcely anyone has his fill. When a person eats he grasps the piece of meat with one hand, and with his other hand closed in a fist, he makes a rolling motion of the arm toward another person who is likewise eating or to whom he has given a piece. /913/ This gesture is supposed to indicate that one courteously extends an invitation to the other and is enjoying the food in his company.

Now and then, when the mood strikes the leader, a special delegation is sent from the čáxaus hut to the cookhut to fetch something to eat between meals. The leader and two or three men selected by him break into the customary general singing with a very loud, high-pitched xox three times. This is repeated at intervals and finally sounds like hŏxoí. For the women in the cookhut it means nothing less than an urgent request to prepare something quickly which they can hand over to the delegation. Again, a few minutes pass and the hŏxoí is repeated. Finally the two men dash out of the secondary exit, hasten to the cookhut, and disappear inside.

One evening I saw them take along a painted pot. Amid continuous calls of "hŏxoí" it was filled with coffee for them; at the same time other women impaled a large loaf of bread on a pointed stick and placed it in the hand of one of the two men. With this "booty" they hastened back to the čáxaus hut where they